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War Between Villa and Carranza Would Smash Many Wilson-Bryan Illusions Concerning Mexico.

If the friction between Carranza and Villa leads to an armed clash and a division of the Constitutionalist forces the pacification of Mexico through diplomatic pressure will have to be dismissed from present calculations as more or less of an iridescent dream. About the only substantial hope of pacification through a diplomatic settlement lay in the balancing of one united faction in Mexico against another united faction. The unexpected willingness of the Huerta government to make concession after concession was due to its realization that it had been put on the defensive by a rapid succession of Constitutional victories and that its only hope of saving something from the wreck was to line up behind an agreement accepted and guaranteed by the United States.

If Villa and Carranza get to fighting and the Constitutionalist movement is wrecked by personal jealousies and ambitions the Huerta administration will take new heart. It can hold in check a divided revolutionist army. It might even be practicable for Huerta to push forward and retake Torreón, Saltillo, Tampico and Monterey in case the Villa and anti-Villa contingents in the Constitutionalist army engage in a civil war inside a civil war.

Were the followers of Carranza and Villa to begin cutting one another's throats Huerta's pretension to represent all that is stable in Mexican politics would quickly revive. The United States would have much more difficulty in dealing with him. He might even reconsider his tentative agreement to make way for a neutral with Constitutional proclivities. If the bubble of Constitutional power is pricked through the greed of its semi-bandid leaders most of the eligibles for the provisional Presidency with Constitutional leanings will vanish over night.

A struggle for control between Villa and Carranza would simply emphasize the fact that there are left in Mexico no elements powerful enough to stem the general drift toward anarchy. The elimination of Carranza by Villa would parallel the elimination of Madero by Huerta. Mexico, restrained for thirty years by Diaz, seems ripe for a return to the old condition of brigandage, outlawry and the rule of brute force. The fever is in the blood of the people and threatens to burn itself out at an enormous cost of property and life.

The Wilson administration has been loath to recognize the real condition of affairs in Mexico. While spinning the Huerta government, it has leaned on the hollow staff of the Constitutional government—a mere duplicate of the Huerta establishment in its appeal to violence and anarchy. So long as these two balanced each other in power there was a prospect of a three-cornered agreement through which the United States might escape complete responsibility for setting Mexico's house in order. But if each faction shows itself as self-seeking, desperate and undependable as the other, the pleasant illusion which the Wilson administration has long been cherishing is shattered for good.

Any American policy in Mexico, to be sensible, must divorce itself from prepossessions in favor of or against either local faction. Our interest is plain. We must protect the lives and property of Americans in Mexico and the lives and property of the subjects and citizens of European countries, since under our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine we do not want any European nation to intervene in Mexico in its own behalf. If the general situation below the Rio Grande becomes as intolerable as the general situation in Cuba did in 1898 we must go in and end it in our own interest and the interest of civilization. That is the primary object of any sound American programme. Its attainment through the help of Huerta or of Carranza, or of both combined, is now becoming more and more doubtful. But in the end the United States must attain it, whatever happens to the two greed and violence ridden factions now fighting for the opportunity to prey upon Mexico.

Governor Glynn's Appropriation Record.

Governor Glynn has accomplished "economy" in state appropriations without vetoing items which provide pay for Tammany job holders, and takes no small pride in his achievements. If that's the kind of economy he believes in and wants, he has a right to be proud of having accomplished it. Nevertheless it's a pretty poor sort of economy, in spots. Take the vetoing of appropriations for \$320,000 of printing items. These are legitimate expenses, and what Governor Glynn did was merely to delay provision for payment of them for a year—when they will have to be taken care of as deficiency items in the 1915 supply bill.

Take also the veto of items for the abolition of grade crossings. The Governor there was following precedents set by his predecessors. But it is a costly and foolish policy. It costs the state money thus to delay indefinitely the removal of these grade crossings, and it costs a heavy toll of life to continue them. Take the veto of \$50,000 for employees in the new bureau of supervision of private banks—dubious economy, with the echoes of the Siegel smash still sounding. Take the veto of \$200,000 for the new Mohonk State Hospital—merely postponing an expenditure which the state soon will be unable to avoid.

Keeping the state's expenditures within its estimated revenues by shifts and postponements and dubious economies like these is not much to the credit of the Governor. It is an equivocal, time-serving policy which is not in accord with lofty, high-sounding words on the economy issue. Out of all this he gets the credit—whatever it may be worth—of having been the top-notch financial vetter and of having avoided a direct tax this year.

Conceivably these things would mean votes for him in case he wished to be Governor again. But he lost the opportunity of doing his part in giving to the state impartial appropriations free from politics and "pork," constructed on a scientific and broad-

gauge basis. For this he had especial qualification in the education in state finances gained while he was Controller. His failure to grasp that opportunity, after all his promises, is the Governor's loss as well as the state's.

Another Fog Collision.

There is a disconcerting frequency in recent fog collisions at sea. The terrible disaster to the Empress of Ireland was followed by the ramming of the New York off Nantucket Shoals; and now, a few days later, the Kaiser Wilhelm II is struck in the English Channel.

All three accidents are closely akin. The first proved a terrible catastrophe by the will of the fates, the slowly moving freighter striking the liner in her weakest part. The two that followed caused no loss of life, as much through a narrow chance as anything else. Given an unfavorable array of surrounding circumstances, the coming together of the Pretoria and the New York or the Kaiser and the freighter Incomore might have been as disastrous as the collision in the St. Lawrence.

Is such a series of accidents avoidable or is their close succession sheer coincidence, representing only the irreducible peril that must always prevail where fog and sea combine to trick humans? No quick answer to this question is possible. But we think the public will insist upon a thorough overhauling of our fog precautions and a definite answer to the query that is on every one's lips.

Convict the Big Ballot Box Stuffers.

Six of the ballot box stuffers from Murphy's district have been sentenced to the penitentiary and sixteen others fined \$100 apiece for their participation in the crime. The sentences are not excessive for the offense.

These men have to pay for what they did. But what of the man or men who told them to do it? Nobody stuffs a ballot box for the mere pleasure of the operation. The special election frauds were the result of some pretty definite conspiracy. If District Attorney Whitman doesn't get to the bottom of it and convict the big politicians responsible there will be a miscarriage of justice.

The Paterson Burial.

Paterson, N. J., has incurred more than her just due of criticism and malediction. So yesterday her Mayor and more prominent citizens conducted a ceremony unique, so far as we know, in municipal annals. They buried at a conspicuous corner of the city and with all the pomp and circumstance of a state funeral a big steel hammer, symbolic of the mental attitude to which they attribute their city's bad renown. Father Knickerbocker need only remember that heroic female, Civic Virtue by name, who bared her plaster of paris person to the dust of Long Acre Square in Mayor Gaynor's time to lose his indulgent smile over the Paterson ceremony. In Paterson, they at least left nothing above ground.

One of the most conspicuous and pleasing things about Paterson all along has been the spirit with which she has resented the reputation won by her misfortunes. In a community so emphatically divided against itself this trait promises better things for the future. We hope yesterday's pageant means not alone that hereafter Paterson's citizens are to contemplate Paterson with courage and optimism, but that they have established sufficient esprit de corps to work together for her actual improvement.

Have they also, in other words, buried the hatchet?

The College Graduate and Political Office.

What is the attitude which a young man, an educated, capable, ambitious and honest young man—thousands of them are issuing from our colleges and universities this month—should take toward politics? Young collegians get much advice on this point from men of long political experience. Yet how much of it is free from hypocrisy or cynicism? Governor Glynn, for example, has just told the graduating class of Georgetown University to "keep out of office, but take an interest in politics." Did he have in mind, perchance, a comparison between his own lot and that of Charles Francis Murphy? We can commiserate with him, of course, in the possession of public responsibility without power while Murphy enjoys the power without the public responsibility. On the other hand, we cannot approve of Mr. Murphy's career as a model for young America to follow.

But this may be reading into the Governor's aphorism more than he intended. Its simplest interpretation would seem to involve merely intelligent and conscientious voting without political activity. This is a comfortable philosophy, but not the kind on which this country is destined to prosper. What we need is not fewer but more candidates for office, and especially more of the kind constituting Governor Glynn's audience.

Public life is never a bed of roses. Its rewards are often a diet of ashes, but it must always remain in a free, self-governed country the most important sphere for the activity of the intelligent. We hope the Georgetown graduates will not take too seriously our slightly embittered Governor.

That Feminist Apartment House.

The feminist co-operative apartment grows more dazzling with every announcement. We are not quite sure whether you send your children up to the model nurseries by the electric dumbwaiters or whether the food—at 53 cents a day—crowds out the children. Plainly living in this advanced, automatic home is going to be a real adventure, with something happening all the time.

None of the items are impossible in themselves. Nurseries and kindergartens on the roof are plain common sense. Every one has always wondered why New Yorkers made so little of their roofs. Food from a common kitchen, served either in a common dining room or in apartments, is an old, old story in scores of apartment hotels. Joint upbringing of small children is not so common. But it has been accomplished successfully and might be again.

It is, rather, the combination of reforms and the co-operative nature of the scheme that make one smile dubiously. Every boarding house demands fully as great a sacrifice of privacy and individual tastes without half the comforts and conveniences. But the same parents who endured the discomforts and outrages of boarding might hesitate a long while before they pooled their children in a community crèche and submitted their palates to the rule of an expert dietician, abandoning their inalienable boarder's right to kick.

However, we await the issue eagerly, without the suggestion of a sneer. If the feminists can furnish all they plan at \$10 a week we know of several hard-pressed Americans who will stand for a community haircut and white duck uniforms if needed to qualify.

The Conning Tower

THE PURCHASERS.

(Somewhat revarnished.)

It is not that the grapes are sour,
It is not Envy fills my breast,
But, O ye Muses, give me power
To lyricize my very best!
Pain would I pen a passioned poem,
In style compact but comprehensive,
About the folks who come back home
With "purchases so inexpensive."

"I prithee pipe this here cravat,"
Begs one returned from Bruges and Ghent,
"Whaddye think I paid for that?"
Say I: "Six dollars, if a cent."
"Tush!" answers he with biting scorn,
As with the necktie he philanders,
"Believe me, sure as you were born,
It cost me seven cents in Flanders."

"Some suit," I say to one just back.
"Some suit is right," my friend declares,
"Three pounds and six, and that's a fact—
The swellest shop on Wapping Stairs.
Observe this diamond pin." (I lie;
I'd ne'er have brought the icy rock home.)
"Considerable pin!" say I.
Boasts he: "A dollar ten in Stockholm!"

"A perfect darling of a dress!"
(This conversation isn't mine.)
"My dear, it cost—you'd never guess—
In Hamburg—seven thirty-nine!
And oh, this hat!" [It looked to me
Like half past seven in Gehenna.]
"It cost a dollar eighty-three
At quite the best place in Vienna."

"This cane was twenty cents in Rome."
"This coat two eighty-five in Nice,"
O wanderers returning home,
Give us, we pray ye, some surcease
From telling us about the cost
Of things in which ye have invested;
For lots of us who have not crossed
Are less than mildly interested.

The powers of the returned tourist to interest his hearers in his adventures abroad are, as a rule, slight. Most of them will say: "The Alps are simply wonderful." The Peter Bell Society—emblem, a yellow primrose—is largely recruited from tourists.

Speaking of travel-stuff, the most interesting we have seen in some time is Old Herb Corey's in the esteemed Globe.

THE TOWER'S CHARTER MEMBERS?

[From "The Travels of Anacharsis" Vol. II, p. 24.]
Among the various societies of Athens [circa B. C. 400] there is one whose only object is to observe and collect every species of ridiculous absurdity and to divert itself with pleasanties and bon-mots. The members of it, to the number of fifty, are all men of extraordinary vivacity and brilliant wit; their meetings are held from time to time in the temple of Hercules, where they pronounce their humorous decrees in presence of a crowd of spectators drawn thither by the singularity of the scene; nor have the misfortunes of the state ever induced them to interrupt their meetings. W. W. E.

The latest entrant for the mixmet cup is the New Rochelle Star. "In his desire," it says, "to get the scalp of Dr. Coddling he sowed the seed of discontent from whence sprang the whirlwind now sweeping the city."

DULCINEA AND THE BROMIDAN TOUCH.
Freddie: "I'd much rather have men for friends—girls are such cats."

Humoresque: "I'd rather wear my coat—it's the easiest way to carry it."
T. S. W.: "A sprain, you know, is much worse than a break."

If Hughie Jennings's Jungle Cats keep on beating the New Yorks the season will be half over when the Chancemen win a game from them.—Evening Sun.

If they had kept on beating them, the season might have been three-fourths, not to say nine-tenths over, before the Chancemen won a game from them.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPEY.

June 10—Up, and until three in the afternoon at home, save for going to market, my wife, poor wretch, having still to stop in. Read to her from Oliver Onions's "Gray Youth," and found it highly diverting and satirical. To the court, and played 6 sets with Will Beebe, and won but 3, and was at some pains to do that. Home, and found there Mistress Amy Plank, the trained nurse, who comforted my wife greatly. To my office for a little, and thence home, but slept very ill. The British team did win the polo match to-day, and I am not cast down over it any whit.

17—Lay late, and so to my office where I was busy at this and that all afternoon. Met with J. Adams, the artist, and upon an omnibus with him, and I to my cozen Florence's, and played with Aline, who is the winsomest child I know. Home to dinner, which Olive had prepared with great skill, and to my stint thereafter until ten, or later.

Our Own Travelogues.

Out here all clocks are wrong, you know;
They're one hour either fast or slow.
To miss a date is not a crime;
One merely says: "What? Eastern time?"
Pittsburgh. JACE.

Do you know? Spriggs is with THE GOTHAM WEEKLY GAZETTE. Watch for his cartoon Sunday.—Advt.

IT'S MR. THIS AND MR. THAT, TO SHOW OUR HIGH ESTEEM, BUT IT'S LOCKETT, CHEAPE AND TOMKINSON IF THEY'RE ON THE OTHER TEAM.

[Foxhall Keene in the American.]
The No. 1. Tomkinson, was not of as much avail against Mr. Milburn as he was against Mr. Waterbury last week, which at once lessened England's attack, and Mr. La Montagne cutting down Lockett a very great extent put a different complexion on the match. Chespe played beautifully.

The King waited up Tuesday night for the returns from Meadow Brook. That is where we have it on the English: we read the news of our defeats in England in the early afternoon papers.

UNKIND CUTS.

My bite's not as bad as my bark is,
I fling no fanatical stone,
But I'd hate to be Old Don Marquis,
With all his hair cut to the bone!
F. D. B.

Business men say this is unreasonable weather, and maybe it is.

Still, these are great days not to take a vacation, eh?
F. P. A.

BROTHER REVOLUTIONISTS.



CARRANZA—I shall supplant you.
VILLA—Go ahead.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

JOINING ISSUE WITH SOCIALISM

Dr. Eliot's Argument Finds Cordial Support.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Dr. Eliot's masterly and lucid arraignment of socialism in your columns the other day has brought forth two or three replies that have interested me greatly. I have never before seen the advocates and opponents of these two economic doctrines come so near meeting on equal terms where they could answer each other's arguments directly. Hitherto I have always believed that the viewpoints of each controversialist were entirely different and therefore irreconcilable. However, it must be apparent to the candid reader that Dr. Eliot has penetrated the subject thoroughly and has far the better of the argument.

It seems to me that a socialist is essentially a pessimist, as witness your correspondent, E. V. V., in a former communication to your columns where he said: "People should be taught that the world is a pretty poor place to live in" (or words to that effect), speaking of the proposed new church of the social revolution. Cheerful doctrine, that!

To-day we have another reply to Dr. Eliot by Adam Rosenberg. He avers that family life has grievously deteriorated, criminality alarmingly increased and the altruistic instincts in man have become deplorably stunted (sic). All of these are bogies raised up to scare the uninformed and those who do not or can not think for themselves. Never was altruism more prevalent in the land than it is to-day. Earthquake in Sicily, Japan or California, or a calamity in any part of the world is immediately the signal for succor and sympathy to all the people. Also the employment of welfare is being considered and played more and more all the time. As studied more and more the "victims" are largely foreigners who are doing better here than where they came from, else they would go back.

In conclusion, the country is all right and Americans will never be deceived by false doctrines, but will work out their problems and fulfill their destiny on the lines so ably indicated by Dr. Eliot.
Newark, June 15, 1914. W. T. O.

SUFFRAGE AND COMMANDMENTS

The Relation Between Morals and the Ballot Is Questioned.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Miss Chittenden and Mrs. Martin speak and write as though they believed universal suffrage was antagonistic to the Ten Commandments, and that to them is assigned the lofty mission of preserving the tables of the law, or at least that portion of the law which relates to sex.

The Ten Commandments impose obligations on men and women. "Before God there is neither male nor female." Any man or woman who ignores the Ten Commandments is a moral anarchist, but millions of such anarchists existed centuries before the word suffrage appeared in the dictionaries.

None of the irregularities which these ladies fear and deplore can happen without the acquiescence and collusion of men. If a suffragist argued that the moral delinquencies of a percentage of men were sufficient reason for disfranchising all men, he or she would be examined as to his or her sanity.

Anti-suffragists who make these statements, which raise a suspicion of imbecility regarding those who do, rest their case on extracts from the writings of radical philosophers who happen to believe in woman suffrage. There are many radical philosophers who are anti-suffragists. The personal opinion of an individual has nothing to do with the merits of a cause.

It is worthy of note, though, that most of the writers whose anti-suffragist have been able to quote, while anarchistic in theory, are models of respectability in

practice, while numerous orthodox expounders of "things as they are" actually ignore nearly every one of the Ten Commandments and are desperate sinners against the Sixth Commandment.

SARA M'PIKE.
New York, June 9, 1914.

THE TYPHOID DEATHS

A Physician Argues That They Were Not Caused by Serum.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I wish to say a few words in regard to the death caused by "typhoid serum" in a Brooklyn family. My opinion is that death was caused not by the serum but by the so-called haemoglobin, which occurs so often in the blood of typhoid patients, and which parasites cannot be killed by the serum or by vaccine. They are probably parasites of a very dangerous type, and may be confused with granular debris from the white cells, the so-called leucocytes, or with micrococci or fat droplets.

They are more numerous after a meal, and disappear if the person or animal is starved. The first thing that strikes one is the enormous number of minute dancing particles. These vary in size from about two micromillimetres in diameter to the very finest specks, which, being brilliantly illuminated in the microscope, look like infinitely minute sparkles. Professor Crawley, of England, states that even with a magnification of 2,500 diameters some look only like tiny points of light.

They are especially found in the blood of typhoid fever patients, and in consequence of their death occurs rapidly and certainly, even though the best and strongest antitoxin is used.

S. R. KLEIN, M. D.
New York, June 15, 1914.

NOT AN INFALLIBLE BOOK

A Christian Expounds His Understanding of Current Faith.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The letter by Harold Fogel in your paper this morning shows a shortsighted spirit of unjust criticism and ridicule, rather than that of honest inquiry. The Presbyterian Church is not in the least "deeply shocked" by the recent heresy scare, but the thinking members of the Church are much disgusted with the shallow-brained fifteenth century attitude of the individuals who examined the candidates for the ministry. Their vision of Christianity is limited by a plan of salvation, a knowledge of the plans and specifications of the Temple and statements about Jesus Christ that are absolutely untrue.

However, the Church is marching on, and such men are far behind in the procession. Also, for Mr. Fogel's information, the Bible is no longer considered an infallible book by intelligent men and women. It is, however, treasured as the most inspiring book in the world, and if our friend will approach it in the right spirit he will come away more than satisfied with its beauty.

I would have him read and ponder over the following verse: "Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because the things are spiritually judged" (I Corinthians II, 14).
GEORGE WEEKS.
New York, June 11, 1914.

A Street Corner View of Socialism.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Apropos of the recent discussion in your paper regarding socialism, I once heard a street corner "orator," speaking in the interests of that party, make the statement that no one should work over two hours a day. Is this the assertion that the police and militia should not interfere in labor disputes really a part of the Socialist doctrine?
New York, June 15, 1914. C. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS

Medieval Faith Called No Better than Paganism.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I am grateful to the two Bible apologists who have seen fit to answer my letter, published in The Tribune the other day. If infidels had no stronger grounds on which to base their unbelief than a few inconsistencies concerning the Bible their case would have been weak indeed.

That the Bible is inconsistent, brazenly inconsistent, has been admitted by many learned apologists. It is inconsistent in its moral teachings, in its theology, in its historical narrations, in practically every chapter. The only way it can be defended is by resorting to the same tactics that one of your correspondents uses; and this very process of interpretation has caused so many different religious sects to spring up.

It seems to me that if there had indeed been an all-wise God His book would have been written in such simple, unequivocal terms that only one meaning could possibly be taken from it.

Your other correspondent—W. D. L.—while admitting that the Bible is inconsistent, makes two grave errors—the first in supposing that the Ten Commandments originated in the Bible, the second that Christianity has civilized the world.

Centuries before Moses civilized nations based their laws on these Commandments. Moses took the text of the Ten Commandments bodily from Hammurabi, a Chaldean king and philosopher who lived some hundreds of years before Moses. If your reader doubts this, let him go to the library and compare the code of Hammurabi with the law of Moses.

Christianity has not civilized the world; the world has civilized Christianity. Medieval Christianity was no better than paganism—often much worse.

Progress was born when men began to learn to use their reason. There has been an endless conflict between progress and Christianity. If W. D. L. recites of pagan Rome's attitude to the then weak sect of Christians, what of Christianity when she became powerful? What of the thousands slain in the countless religious wars, persecutions and massacres? What of the dread and fearful tortures of the Inquisition?

Pagans fed Christians and other men to wild animals, but "civilized" Christianity burned men alive and invented the most diabolical instruments to torture its enemies.

We are becoming more and more civilized because each successive generation of men is changing its conception of God, purifying Him, raising Him to its own ideas of civilization and justice; and when men shall finally cease building million-dollar temples to an hypothetical God and turn their entire attention to the wants of actual man, then and only then shall we achieve a perfect civilization.

HAROLD FOGEL.
New York, June 15, 1914.

The Watchword of Christian Science.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Referring to your issue of June 13, containing a report of the arrest of the officers of the Monoton Realty Corporation on the charge of using the mails to defraud, permit us to assure you that in order for them successfully to perform Christian healing, Christian Scientists must live closer to the Golden Rule than any class of people on earth. The watchword of Christian Science is honesty. Adherence to truth gives students of Mrs. Eddy's writings the only power they have to help mankind. No man can work from a good and evil basis. Right and wrong can no more proceed from the same source than sweet water and bitter can flow from the same fountain. It would therefore be impossible for a Christian Scientist to injure or defraud when his one purpose and aim is to heal and save. COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION N. Y. ROBERT S. ROSS, Assistant.
New York, June 16, 1914.